



A salutatory Poem to the Majesty of King

J A M E S .

Hj mortal god ! England's true joy !
great King All hail ! Thy coming
forceth my Muse to sing ! Too forward,
so untutored in these lays, Unfit to
blazon Kings' befitting praise, Yet nevertheless
I'm forced perforce to write : Some Fury doth
my head, my hand incite, Antiquity hath
taught, next that day That English hearts
first for your state did pray, The angel
GABRIEL, from JEHOVAH sent, Told to the
creature, what her Maker meant* How She, a
maiden-wife, should bear a son, Mankind's
sole Saviour when we were undone. This
blessed Eve of th'blest Annunciation Was first
day of your Highnesses proclamation, What
hopes, what haps this proclamation brings Is
cause efficient why our Muses sing. *Hail, full
of grace!* this 'gins the Salutation, Striking the
Blessed with deepest admiration | Half
daunted first, then straight no whit dismayed,
Mildly made answer, *Be't as my Lord hath said*
/ Look what surpassing solace, joy without
measure, Possessed her soul for this celestial
treasure, Entombing in her womb our Saviour
dear,